

I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heavy too: God keepe Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels: I haue led my rag of Mussians where they are peperd: ther's not three of my 150. left alieue, and they are for the townes end, to begge during life. But who comes heere? *Enter Prince.*

*Prin.* VVhat standst thou idle heere? lend me thy sword, Many a Nobleman lies starke and stiffe, Vnder the houres of vaunting enemies, Whose deaths are yet vnreuegd, I prethee lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: *Turke Gregory* neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day: I haue payd *Percie*, I haue made him sure.

*Prin.* He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee; I prethee lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay before God, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alieue, thou gets not my sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt.

*Prin.* Giue it me: what? is it in the case?

*Fal.* I *Hal*, 'tis hot, there's that will sacke a City.

*The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.*

*Prin.* VVhat is it a time to iest and dally now?

*He throwes the Bottell at him.*

*Fal.* If *Percy* be alieue, Ile pierce him, if he doe come in my way, so: if he doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Car-bonado of mee. I like not such grinning honour as *sir Walter* hath: giue me life, which if I can saue, so: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and there's an end.

*Alarum, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Earle of VVestmerland.*

*King.* I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy selfe, thou bledest too much; Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaster*, goe you with him.

*P. Iohn* Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

*Prin.* I beseech your Maiesty make vp, Lest your retirement doe amaze your friends.

*K.* I will doe so; my L. of *VVestmerland* lead him to his Tent.

*West.* Come, my Lord, Ile lead you to your Tent.

*Prince.* Lead me, my Lord, I doe not need your helpe; And God forbid a shallow scratch should drine

The

The Prince of *Wales* from such a field as this, Where staynd Nobilitie lies troden on, And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres.

*Iohn.* Wee breathe too long, come confin *Westmerland*, Our duty this way lies: For Gods sake come.

*Prin.* By God, thou hast deceiu'd me, *Lancaster*, I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit;

Before, I lou'd thee as a brother *Iohn*, But now I doe respect thee as my soule.

*King.* I saw him hold Lord *Percy* at the poynts, With lastier maintenance then I did looke for Of such an vngrowne Warriour.

*Prin.* O, this Boy lends metall to vs all.

*Doug.* Another King, they grow like Hydras heads, I am the *Douglas* fatall to all those That weare those colours on them. What art thou That counterfeist the person of a King?

*King.* The King himselfe, who *Douglas* grieues at heart, So many of his shadowes thou hast met, And not the very King: I haue two Boyes Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe, about the Field; But seeing thou fall'st on mee so luckily, I will assay thee: and defend thy selfe.

*Doug.* I feare, thou art another Counterfeit; And yet in faith thou bear'st thee like a King: But mine I am sure thou art, who ere thou bee: And thus I winne thee.

*They fight, the King being in danger, enter Prince of Wales.*

*Prince.* Hold vp thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirits Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes, It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee, Who neuer promiseth, but hee meanes to pay.

*They fight, Douglas slith.*

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace?

*Sir Nicholas Ganssey* hath for succour sent, And so hath *Clifton*; Ile to *Clifton* strait.

*King.* Stay, and breathe a while,

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Thou